

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1958

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK
CONTROL YOUR TEMPER. IT CAN LEAD TO PHYSICAL INJURY, AS WELL AS DEATH—PLUS DISGRACE TO YOUR FAMILY.

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, CHICORY.

GET OUT!

WHEN I HELPED YOU GET RID OF DICK TRACY, I WASHED MY HANDS OF YOU!

GET OUT!

AS A CUBAN STORM RAGES—
HIDE YOU, MISS EGGHEAD? ARE YOU NUTS? LOOK, THE POLICE PICKED ME UP AND QUESTIONED ME FOR TWO DAYS ON ACCOUNT OF YOU!

HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO CUBA, MISS EGGHEAD?
IN THIS MAN'S DISGUISE—BY PLANE. IT WAS SHEER LUCK THAT I WAS ABLE TO ELUDE THE AMERICAN POLICE.

I HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO, CHICORY, BUT YOU. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET TO SOUTH AMERICA.
GET OUT!

SEÑOR CHICORY, DID YOU NOTICE HER CASE?
HER CASE?
FIFTY THOUSAND AMERICAN DOLLARS! IN COLD CASH!

ER—I CANNOT GET YOU TO SOUTH AMERICA, MISS EGGHEAD, BUT PERHAPS I CAN HIDE YOU.
THEN HIDE ME TILL I HAVE ARRANGED WITH 'THE DROPPER' TO TAKE ME TO BRAZIL.

GORILLA, LEAD THE WAY. WE WILL HIDE HER.
SI, THIS WAY, SENORITA.

THESE QUARTERS ARE HURRICANE-PROOF, MISS EGGHEAD. MY MOST VALUABLE POSSESSIONS ARE IN THIS BASEMENT. SWEET DREAMS, MISS EGGHEAD.

GAMECOCK PENS!

AT THE GAME'S END WE SHALL SEE WHO GAINS.—GEO. HERBERT— IN THE GAME ANNIE AND BILLY BYLINE ARE PLAYING, ONE IS LUCKY TO STAY ALIVE THAT LONG!

Y'SAY IT WAS A YEAR AGO THAT AL ATILLA'S WIFE HAD T'BE SENT TO A 'SYLUM'?

ALMOST THE SAME TIME THAT BESS VANISHED—POOR AL—HE LOVED HIS WIFE—IT BROKE HIS HEART—

SOME PRIVATE PLACE NEAR CHICAGO—WHY SO FAR FROM HERE?

THEY CAME FROM THERE—OLD FAMILY DOCTOR, I BELIEVE—TRUSTED HIM—WANTED TO BE SURE—

HE'S A LONELY MAN, ANNIE— HE KNOWS WHERE HIS WIFE IS—MAYBE THAT CAN BE WORSE THAN NOT KNOWING! POOR CHAP—HE'S BEEN A WONDERFUL FRIEND TO US, ANNIE—

THAT LETTER FROM TH' PRIVATE EYE IN CHICAGO, THAT WAS IN TH' SECRET 'PARTMENT IN BESS BOND'S DESK—

REPORT ON AL ATILLA—HE'S A BAD, BAD BOY— NEVER DID TIME— GOT TOO MUCH ON TOO MANY FOR THAT—

THAT LETTER WAS BEFORE HE HAD HIS WIFE TOSSED INTO TH' LOONY BIN—

JUST BEFORE— BUT I HEAR HIS WIFE HAD NOT BEEN SEEN FOR A WEEK BEFORE THAT—

IT'S AS IF BESS HAD RUN ONTO SOMETHING— SHE WAS WORKING ON THE STORY THAT NIGHT—SOMEONE CAME TO HER DOOR—

AL AND HIS GUN SLINGER, MAYBE?

WHO KNOWS? BUT SHE SLIPPED THIS STUFF INTO THE SECRET COMPARTMENT—LEFT QUIETLY—AND NEVER CAME BACK—

SORTA GIVES ME A CHILL! BUT WHAT 'BOUT TH' REST O' THAT STUFF?

"SYLVAN REST"—THE OLD CEMETERY JUST BACK OF HERE—AND "LEM LOAM"—HE'S THE GOOFY OLD GRAVEDIGGER—

WELL, WE KNOW 'AL DIDN'T KILL HIS WIFE— SHE'S IN THAT BOOBY HATCH IN CHICAGO—

SO, IF MRS. BOND HAD SOMETHIN' HOT ON AL ATILLA, WHAT WAS IT? HEY— WHERE WE GOIN'?

LEM LOAM'S SHACK—OH-OH! HOLD IT—

THAT'S OLD LOAM'S SHACK—AND HIM IN IT—WHY YOU SO JUMPY, BOSS?

THAT NOSY BRAT AT BONDS—AND THAT SMART YOUNG REPORTER—I GET A HUNCH, SEE?

WELL, THERE'S OLD "SYLVAN REST"— QUIET AS TH' TOMB! HA-HA—GET IT? I SAID QU—

SHUT UP—YOU'RE NOT FUNNY! BR-R-R— LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE—

HAROLD GRAY